Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.
As they are sharing, the Prince & Poynes set vpon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much eale. Now merrily to horse, the theeues are scattered, and possest with feare so strongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer, away good *Ned, Falstaffe* sweare to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poynes. How the rogue roard *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you vndertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower safety.

The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friend true & constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiõ an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* cõmends the plot, & the general course of the action, Zounds & I were now by this rascal I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father my vncle, & my selfe, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, & *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Dowglas*? haue I not all their letters to meet me in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of thẽ set forward already? What a pagan rascall is this & Infidell? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe,

selfe, and go to buffets, for n
with so honorable an action
we are prepared. I will set fo
How now *Kate*, I must leaue
Lady. O my good Lord, v
For what offence haue I this
A banisht woman from my
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and
Why dost thou bend thine
And start so often when tho
Why hast thou lost the fresh
And giuen my treasures and
To thick-eyd musing, and c
In my faint slumbers, I by th
And heard thee murmure ta
Speake tearmes of manage t
Cry courage to the field:
Of sallies; and retires, trench
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, p
Of basilisks, of canon, culue
Of prisoners ransome, and o
And all the current, of a hed
Thy spirit within thee hath
And thus hath so bestird the
That beds of sweat hath stoo
Like bubbles in a late disturb
And in thy face strange mot
Such as we see when men re
On some great sodaine hast,
Some heauy busines hath m
And I must know it, else he
Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams*
Ser. He is, my Lord, an h
Hot. Hath *Butler* brough
Ser. One Horse, my Lor
Hot. What Horse? a roan
Ser. It is my Lord.

D

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (